

# Press-Herald

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## On Looking Ahead

If the enthusiasm of civic leaders is an indication, 1965 will be a banner year for many facets of this community's diverse life.

Continued growth of Torrance retail strength, indications of additional growth industrially, and steady population growth of 600 to 800 persons a month only bring added importance and activity to the city.

In casting a practiced eye ahead in the year just begun, Mayor Albert Isen envisions several development landmarks for the city, as well. Among the things he looks for in 1965:

Continued development of the civic center with the Superior Court construction going apace.

Further plans for civic center development, including studies toward a new central library and a civic auditorium on the city's Torrance Boulevard property.

Continued expansion of the city's services to meet the demands of its growing population. This includes all departments: library, street, sewer, rubbish collection, police, fire protection, recreation, etc.

What else can we look for in 1965? Look for more progress on establishment of the Pacific Coast and the Artesia freeway routes through the city . . . particularly the Pacific Coast route.

Look for exciting commercial developments along Hawthorne Avenue led by the Bullock's store to be built at Carson Street and Hawthorne Avenue.

Look for new industrial development in the Central Manufacturing District.

Look for traffic signals at Torrance Boulevard and Madrona Avenue and at Crenshaw Boulevard off-ramp from the San Diego Freeway.

You can look also for several armed robberies, many home and business burglaries, some beatings, scores of family fights, perhaps a murder or two, and a shameful traffic injury and death record.

That's a hint of what to expect for the fledgling new year.

## Close Look at Mars

If all goes well, man soon may reverse fiction's dramatic Martian invasion of the Earth. By an electronic proxy, to be sure, but one that is exciting in its potentials.

Somewhere in space a wonder gadget is whirling along on a path that hopefully will enable it to whizz close by our most intriguing planetary neighbor early next summer. No one expects to find any jingoistic ogres on the planet (unless a Russian cosmonaut is making camp there), but it is hoped that information picked up by the probe will lead to later answers to the ancient question: does life exist in any form on our neighbor?

Until then, Mars continues to wink its red eye sardonically at us, and we continue to wonder, as we have almost since wondering became a part of the human heritage.

## NEWS SPARKS by James Dorais

### Public Land Acreage Grows

Speeding over freeways, through bustling cities and endless suburban strips, the urban dweller finds ample evidence of the population explosion. It is easy to get rather hysterical over the need for acquisition of public lands for more parks, more recreational and wilderness areas, before it is too late.

From the vantage point of a window seat in a jet airliner, however, one gets a different perspective. The country is still far, far away from being one vast asphalt jungle.

And a great percentage of the wide open spaces is already government owned, with the percentage increasing every year.

A recent survey by U. S. News & World Report shows that 33.9 per cent of all land in the United States is owned by the federal government. Less than 60 per cent of land ownership is in private hands. Five per cent is owned by states, counties, cities and towns, and two per cent is in Indian reservations.

Regionally, only 2.5 per cent of the land in the Northeastern U. S. is federally owned. The percentage in the Midwest is 3.6, in the South 4.6, and in the West a whopping 64.6.

By states, federal ownership varies from only .2 per cent in Connecticut to virtually 100 per cent in Alaska. In California, just under 50 per cent of the land is federally owned. Other

states where Uncle Sam is a major landlord include Arizona, 44.6 per cent; Wyoming, 48.3 per cent; Oregon, 52.1 per cent; Utah, 66.2 per cent; Idaho, 63.8 per cent; and Nevada, 85.5 per cent.

During the four years ending in mid-1963, the federal government increased its holdings by 1,790,000 acres. While at the same time, time, large acreages have been released from federal ownership in the closing of military bases, much of that category of ownership has been acquired by state and local governments.

Huge new acquisitions are contemplated in the near future by the National Park Service. Urban renewal programs are transferring land ownership from private individuals to cities. The interstate highway system, when completed, will transfer, in government owned right of way, a land area half the size of the state of Rhode Island. Major bond issues have been approved in numbers of states for the acquisition of large areas for recreation purposes.

The acceleration trend toward public ownership of land has pushed land prices sharply upward in many areas, and is adding a heavier tax burden on lands remaining in private hands. And complaints are beginning to be voiced that much of the land already set aside for park and recreation purposes is not being used to advantage.



## HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

### Impact of Red Chinese Bomb Big Story in 1964

In various world capitals editors recently were asked to pick the top news story of the past 12 months. Most selected Nikita Khrushchev's fall.

In surprise and impact, yes. But in depth and significance, it may be Khrushchev may give way to the Red Chinese bomb. For Peking proved that it is no longer difficult or particularly costly to engineer such a device.

The first fission bomb was detonated at Alamogordo in the summer of 1945. The United States, with its unexampled technological resources, spent two years and \$2 billion fashioning it. The technique was of course untried, and you remember that many of the scientists did not know if it would work.

For some years it remained difficult and costly to make the bomb, though there were rapid strides in the power and efficiency of the device.

Some years afterwards

the United States made the fusion, or hydrogen, bomb, and the Soviet Union followed. It is of interest that we have never seen official pictures of a bomb, though thousands of scientists have exact knowledge of its structure and operation. This is a curious ostrich attitude, but perhaps you get that way when your enter government.

In any case, everybody has guessed wrong about the proliferation, as we fondly say, of nuclear weapons. Around 1946 we huffed to ourselves the certainty the Russians would need 10 years to make a bomb, and they needed two. We wrong-guessed France and, about a year ago, Red China.

Here was a nation with little industry and an exceedingly small technical class. But it had the principle, and some Soviet help before the split. So it apparently took a year or two of work to the first blast.

Now we are saying this proliferation to the smaller

countries may consume 10 years. Why? Don't we ever learn by experience?

Any small nation, and many a backward one, so-called, can make a bomb, given enough fear and hatred of a neighbor, and a quarter billion in money. Israel, Belgium or Sweden could make one in jig time. Egypt in no great while. Ecuador could make one in a year, and even the new African nations could be in business in two or three years with some credit and technical aid.

When proliferation really starts—and it won't be too long—all mankind will be in one hell of a jackpot. For among the great powers you can presumably dissuade or inhibit a madman, even another Hitler, from using his bombs, but what will you do with 50 nations, some dominated by rampant primitives?

This is the foremost question before world statesmen, dwarfing their inter-necine squabbles about this and that.

## BOOKS by William Hogan

### One-Man Anthology Just Glossed Over PR Release

Most extraordinary single act in this season's literary vaudeville is a book titled "The Many Worlds of Leo Rosten" (Harper; \$5.95). How does one describe Rosten and his worlds? Well, he is an eminent sociologist whose investigation of Hollywood and the Washington correspondent corps have become standard source books.

Years ago, under the pseudonym Leonard Q. Ross, he invented Hyman Kaplan, the delightfully appalling fictional immigrant student in an adult class in English. Rosten is a novelist ("Captain Newman, M. D."), satirist, travel writer and—as special editorial advisor to Look magazine, a specialist in sculpting brief and pungent profiles on shapers of civilization (Voltaire, Machiavelli, Rembrandt and the like).

"The Many Energies of Leo Rosten" might be an equally apt title for this editorial bouillabaisse. While it does exhibit a remarkable talent and array of interests, it suggests to me a Reader's Digest approach to the real Leo Rosten. Even with the author's running comment and engaging autobiographical flourishes, this one-man anthology seems little more than press agency for a truly versatile writer.

The "Kaplan" stories here are merely a hint of "The

Education of Hyman Kaplan" and "The Return of Hyman Kaplan." The samplings from "Captain Newman" remain a trailer for the original novel. Same with the sociology. Let's return to the Rosten originals. Memoirs, humor, profiles and other shorter materials—including a hilarious capsule piece on Groucho Marx—add up to acceptable literary show business. Nice, easy-going night table stuff. Chop suey, nevertheless.

Americana: It seems unlikely, unless one has roots somewhere along the Allegheny, Monongahela or upper Ohio river, that a reader would rush out to purchase a copy of "Pittsburgh: The Story of an American City" (Doubleday; \$10). Yet, with a literate commentary by the writer and editor Stefan Lorant and others, and packed with 1,000 or so illustrations, this is a graphic portrait of an industrial metropolis, its environs and history.

It reaches back to the era of Fort Pitt, the elaborate English bastion on the American frontier. It also describes how this frightful, unhealthy "smoky city," blighted by an almost impenetrable curtain of smog, was cleaned up and made livable again. This was due mostly to the efforts of an enlightened group, The Allegheny Conference on

Community Development. The dramatic story of the group's accomplishments might stir sober thoughts in other communities, already criminally blighted or nearly so. Beyond that, "Pittsburgh" is a heroic editorial approach to an important American region as well as a social, cultural and industrial history.

## Quote

"It's my personal opinion that private business should be eliminated." — Mike Myerson, San Francisco, co-chairman of the Ad Hoc Committee to End Discrimination.

"The people-planners, in their zeal for the perfect society, would whip their fellow man into shape through ill-conceived or dangerous means." — Alfred R. Lynch, Pacifica.

"Terminating the bracero law will deprive deserving people of their livelihood and cut off the California farmer's most reliable work force." — Reid Dorn, Davis.

"Show me a good reader and with a few exceptions you'll be looking at a child who reads continually at home." — Betty Fisher, Los Angeles.

## AFTER HOURS by John Morley

### Student Essays Reflect Inspired American Life

SAN FRANCISCO . . . After hours tonight we're thinking of an "American Essay Contest" we were privileged to help judge recently, sponsored by the Pacific Palisades, California, Junior Women's Club, for students of the Paul Revere Junior High School in the community.

It was an eye-opener! An impressive effort by Junior High students, reasserting the values in the American way of life that would shame and wake up a lot of adults, and especially politicians who have been bypassing them in recent years.

Their essays reflected a rare and refreshing loyalty to principles, not material possessions. To traditional Americanism of freedom and free choice. No free rides . . . no government handouts . . . no ersatz security here.

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The essays leaned heavily on the individual's freedom of choice. Implying that a citizen's right of decision is far more important than the high standard of living he enjoys.

Implying that man is at his best when earthly thoughts and habits are subordinated to his inward, philosophical, idealistic, patriotic and spiritual dimensions. For America was spiritually inspired.

Implying that man cannot be truly happy with a healthy check book and a sick soul.

Too many adults will find themselves completely isolated from the spirit of the essays. No dedication to goods and gadgets anywhere. Could it be that parents are forcing a material world upon youngsters far beyond its proper perspective?

A material world where "bay windows" are a greater hazard than bare cupboards . . . where rushing adult drivers account for more deaths than our most dreaded diseases . . . where radios and TV sets outnumbered the ballots cast in the last election by two to one?

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The Junior High students' essays were startling for their emphasis on individual initiative . . . while some college bred parents kid themselves by leaning on Big Daddy in Washington more and more with each election. The outrage is that they are mortgaging the lives and earnings of these youngsters in a merry-go-round of deficit spending for pork barrel giveaways.

They are postponing, by greedy politician-citizen collusion, the inevitable day when the natural law of economics and human frailty will catch up and make monkeys of those who ignore them. By that time most of them will be six feet underground, and their children and grandchildren will pay for their selfish folly.

The essays mentioned no material Utopia. Nothing about tile baths, barbecue pits, air conditioning, or electrical gadgetry. The emphasis was on opportunities for individual initiative.

They could have added that, with all the gadgetry, conveniences and comforts, more adults are sick mentally and physically by per cent of population than ever before in U. S. history. With more "social security" we have more crime, more physical breakdowns . . . and buy more sleeping pills, heart pills, to forget that we are "secure."

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Americanism to the students is not a synthetic-security . . . not a million

gadgets. They implore us all to get lost again in the American tradition.

To get lost . . . in individual initiative, choice, hard work and the inalienable rights of free men. To start voting again with our conscience, not our stomachs. To stop the stampede for the government free ride, concocted by political hucksters who love themselves, not the people they use as pawns to power.

To get lost . . . in exposing the mirage that it's sound policy to send billions abroad to Communist

countries, not realizing that today's tiger cub, when fed, can tear you apart tomorrow.

The essays are all the more unique, for they are written in a TV and Beatle world. They are a challenge to every parent . . . for they provide some proof that in spite of it all the next generation appears to be profiting by the mistakes of the present.

The essays were a tribute to the faculty of Paul Revere Junior High . . . to the parents of the students and to their community.

## Our Man Hoppe

### Ol' Elbie Jay Not So Fancy

By Arthur Hoppe

Howdy there, folks. How y'all? Time for another rip-snortin' tee-vee visit with the rootin'-tootin' Jay Family—starring ol' Elbie Jay, the snappiest dresser in any ten counties in West Texas.

As we join up with ol' Elbie, he's a-lookin' himself over in the mirror as his new tailor, M. Henri d'Haute-Couture swoops around him like a cabbage moth in a henhouse.

ELBIE (shaking his head): Nope, Hank, these here striped pants just won't do. I reckon striped pants are too outlandishly fancy for my plain, conservative taste.

HENRI: But, M'sieu, I have given them the bell bottoms (ugh) as you requested. Striped trousers are de rigueur with the morning coat.

ELBIE: You're right, Hank. It's this here long-tailed black coat. Makes me look like a brimstone preacher.

HENRI: But, M'sieu, I have made the lapels six inches wide (shudder) as you asked. And I have tastefully embroidered (oogh) your initials 12 inches high over each breast.

ELBIE: Nope, Hank, it's just too conservative for my moderate image.

HENRI (hopefully): Perhaps a nice pearl grey vest to replace that (ugh) flaming orange one? And a different tie? Not that I don't admire Hawaiian floral patterns. (Shudder). In their place.

ELBIE: Now Hank, a fellow needs a spot of color. Shows I'm liberally, moderately conservative. But somehow the overall effect just doesn't seem quite right.

HENRI: Ah, if M'sieu would be good enough to remove his cowboy hat . . .

ELBIE: What! And risk losing Arizona again in 19 and 68? Nope, this here outfit's got to go. But what am I a-going to wear that's real smart?

BIRDIE BIRD (bustling in): Here's your blue serge, Dear, back from the rummage sale.

ELBIE (delightedly): Why, my old Sunday-go-to-meeting suit. Bless your buttons, Birdie Bird.

HENRI (aghast): Please! M'sieu would not dream of ushering in the Great Society in a blue serge suit. Think of your public. Blue serge is not smart.

ELBIE: Well, Hank, I figure there's about 217.2 voters with blue serge suits to every one with striped pants. Yep, blue serge sounds right smart to me.

HENRI (pleading): But to be the only one present not wearing the traditional morning coat . . .

ELBIE: Don't you fret there. I'm kind of a style setter around here. If folks know what's good for them, HENRI (on his knees): But the fashion industry . . .

BIRDIE BIRD: That reminds me, Elbie, you've just been voted the Best Dressed Man in America. Again.

ELBIE: Well, now, that's mighty nice of those fellows: Can't understand why they chose me. Reckon it's my moderately conservative liberal taste. In cowboy boots. You tell them I sure will give a higher cotton subsidy further thinking. And toss a bucket of water on Hank there. He's a nice fellow. Even if he doesn't know beans about dressing smartly.

So tune in to our next episode folks. And meantime, as you mosey down the trail of life, remember what Elbie's ol' grandpappy used to say: "Fancy clothes do not a gentleman make. Nor a successful politician either."

## Morning Report:

The nice thing about the space program—nice from a bureaucratic viewpoint—is being sure there is no end to it. No other Federal agency can make that claim.

Right now we have a rocket heading for Mars. The last time I heard, it had made about 50 million miles and had 275 million more to go. But Mars is right next door. From Mars, of course, we will go farther out. Because it's there. Literally, there is no end of things to shoot at—all of them harder to hit.

A lot of people scoff at the anti-poverty drive because the poor have always been with us. But even when the Anti-Poverty Administration is wrapped up and laid away, the space offices will be going strong.

Abe Mellinkoff

